



#### SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's step-mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering her true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries. Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

In the very heart of Manhattan, right in the center of the city's most congested district, an imposing edifice of gray stone, medieval in its style of architecture, towered high above all the surrounding dingy offices and squalid tenements. Its massive construction, steep walls, pointed turrets, raised parapets and long, narrow, slit-like windows, heavily barred, gave it the aspect of a feudal fortress incongruously set down plumb in the midst of twentieth century New York. The dull roar of Broadway hummed a couple of blocks away; in the distance loomed the lofty, graceful spans of Brooklyn bridge, jammed with its opposing streams of busy interurban traffic. The adjacent streets were filled with the din of hurrying crowds, the rattle of vehicles, the cries of vendors, the clang of street cars, the ugly, ugly! of speeding automobiles. The active, pulsating life of the metropolis surged like a rising flood about the tall gray walls, yet there was no response within. Grim, silent, sinister, the city prison, popularly known as "the Tombs," seemed to have nothing in common with the daily activities of the big town in which, notwithstanding, it unhappily played an important part.

The present prison is a vastly different place to the old jail from which it got its melancholy cognomen. To-day there is not the slightest justification for the lugubrious epithet applied to it, but in the old days, when man's inhumanity to man was less a form of speech than a cold, merciless fact, the "Tombs" described an intolerable and disgraceful condition fairly accurately. Formerly the cells in which the unfortunate prisoners were confined while awaiting trial were situated deep under ground and had neither light nor ventilation. A man might be guiltless of the offense with which he was charged, yet while awaiting an opportunity to prove his innocence he was condemned to spend days, sometimes months, in what was little better than a grave. Literally, he was buried alive. A party of foreigners visiting the prison one day were startled at seeing human beings confined in such holes. "They look like tombs!" cried some one. New York was amused at the singularly appropriate appellation and it has stuck to the prison ever since.

But times change and institutions with them. As man becomes more civilized he treats the lawbreaker with more humanity. Probably society will always need its prisoners, but as we become more enlightened we insist on treating our criminals more from the physiological and psychological standpoints than in the cruel, brutal, barbarous manner of the dark ages. In other words the sociologist insists that the lawbreaker has greater need of the physician than he has of the jailer.

To-day the city prison is a tomb in name only. It is admirably constructed, commodious, well ventilated. The cells are large and well lighted, with comfortable cots and all the modern sanitary arrangements. There are roomy corridors for daily exercise and luxurious shower baths can be obtained free for the asking. There are chapels for the religiously inclined and a library for the studious. The food is wholesome and well prepared in a large, scrupulously clean kitchen situated on the top floor. Carping critics have, indeed, declared the Tombs to be too luxurious, declaring that habitual criminals enjoy a stay at the prison and actually commit crime so that they may enjoy some of its hotel-like comforts.

# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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It was with a sinking heart and a dull, gnawing sense of apprehension that Annie descended from a south-bound Madison avenue car in Center street and approached the small portal under the forbidding gray walls. She had visited a prison once before, when her father died. She remembered the depressing ride in the train to Sing Sing, the formidable steel doors and ponderous bolts, the narrow cells, each with its involuntary occupant in degrading stripes and closely cropped hair, and the uniformed guards armed with rifles. She remembered how her mother wept and how she had wondered why they kept her poor da-da in such an ugly place. To think that after all these years she was again to go through a similar experience.

She had nerved herself for the ordeal. Anxious as she was to see Howard and learn from his lips all that had happened, she feared that she would never be able to see him behind the bars without breaking down. Yet she must be strong so she could work to set him free. So much had happened in the last two days. It seemed a month since the police had sent for her at midnight to hurry down to the Astoria, yet it was only two days ago. The morning following her trying interview with Capt. Clinton in the dead man's apartment she had tried to see Howard, but without success. The police held him a close prisoner, pretending that he might make an attempt upon his life. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

Intuitively she realized the necessity of immediately securing the ser-

could not be left alone to perish without a hand to save him. Judge Brewster must come to his rescue. He could not refuse. She would return again to his office this afternoon and sit there all day long, if necessary, until he promised to take the case. He alone could save him. She would go to the lawyer and beg him on her knees if necessary, but first she must see Howard and bid him take courage.

A low doorway from Center street gave access to the gray fortress. At the heavy steel gate stood a portly policeman armed with a big key. Each time before letting people in or out he inserted this key in a ponderous lock. The gate would not open merely by turning the handle. This was to prevent the escape of prisoners, who might possibly succeed in reaching so far as the door, but could not open the steel gate without the big key. When once any one entered the prison he was not permitted to go out again except on a signal from a keeper.

When Annie entered she found the reception room filled with visitors, men and women of all ages and nationalities, who, like herself, had come to see some relative or friend in trouble. It was a motley and interesting crowd. There were fruit peddlers, sweat shop workers, sporty looking men, negroes and flashy looking women. All seemed callous and indifferent, as if quite at home amid the sinister surroundings of a prison. One or two others appeared to belong to a more respectable class, their sober manner and careworn faces reflecting silently the humiliation and shame

sought by a matron for concealed weapons, a humiliating ordeal, to which even the richest and most influential visitors must submit with as good grace as possible. The matron was a hard looking woman of about 50 years, in whom every spark of human pity and sympathy had been killed during her many years of constant association with criminals. The word "prison" had lost its meaning to her. She saw nothing undesirable in jail life, but looked upon the Tombs rather as a kind of boarding house in which people made short or long sojourns, according to their luck. She treated Annie unceremoniously, yet not unkindly.

"So you're the wife of Jeffries, whom they've got for murder, eh?" she said, as she rapidly ran her hands through the visitor's clothing. "Yes," faltered Annie, "but it's all a mistake, I assure you. My husband's perfectly innocent. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

The woman grinned. "They all say that, m'm." Lugubriously she added: "I hope you'll be more lucky than some others were." Annie felt herself grow cold. Was this a sinister prophecy? She shuddered and, hastily taking a dollar from her purse, slipped it into the matron's hand.

"May I go now?" she said. "Yes, my dear; I guess you've got nothing dangerous on you. We have to be very careful. I remember once when we had that Hoboken murderer here. He's the fellow that cut his wife's head off and stuffed the body in a barrel. His mother came here to see him one day and what did I find inside her stocking but an innocent looking little round pill, and if you please, it was nothing less than prussic acid. He would have swallowed it and the electric chair would have been cheated. So you see how careful we has to be."

Annie could not listen to any more. The horror of having Howard classed with fiends of that description sickened her. To the keeper she said quickly: "Please take me to my husband."

Taking another dollar from her purse, she slipped the bill into the man's hand, feeling that, here as everywhere else, one must pay for privileges and courtesies. Her guide led the way and ushered her into an elevator, which, at a signal, started slowly upwards.

The cells in the Tombs are arranged in rows in the form of an ellipse in the center of each of the six floors. There is room to accommodate 900 prisoners of both sexes. The men are confined in the new prison; the women, fewer in number, in what remains of the old building. Only the center of each floor being taken up with the rows of narrow cells, there remains a broad corridor, running all the way round and flanked on the right by high walls with small barred windows. An observer from the street glancing up at the windows might conclude that they were those of the cells in which prisoners were confined. As a matter of fact, the cells have no windows, only a grating which looks directly out into the circular corridor.

At the fourth floor the elevator stopped and the heavy iron door swung back.

"This way," said the keeper, stepping out and quickly walking along the corridor. "He's in cell No. 456."

A lump rose in Annie's throat. The place was well ventilated, yet she thought she would faint from a choking feeling of restraint. All along the corridor to the left were iron doors painted yellow. In the upper part of the door were half a dozen broad slits through which one could see what was going on inside.

"Those are the cells," volunteered her guide.

Annie shuddered as, mentally, she pictured Howard locked up in such a dreadful place. She peered through one of the slits and saw a narrow cell about ten feet long by six wide. The only furnishings were a folding cot with blanket, a wash bowl and lavatory. Each cell had its occupant, men and youths of all ages. Some were reading, some playing cards. Some were lying asleep on their cots, perhaps dreaming of home, but most of them leaning dejectedly against the iron bars wondering when they would regain their liberty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Plant Breaking Up an Island.** Strength is not a thing usually connected with maidenhead fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms have lifted a large stone. Indeed, plants have been known to break the hardest rocks.

The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.

**Hypnotism and Will Power.** People used to think that persons who could be hypnotized were deficient in will power, that it was something of a stigma on their mental equipment. The experts know better now. A writer in the Woman's Home Companion goes so far as to say that the more will power a person has the more readily he can be hypnotized.

Dr. Voisin, a French alienist, found that he could not hypnotize more than ten per cent. of the inmates of the asylum with which he was connected. Whereas an English experimenter named Vincent hypnotized with ease 96 per cent. of a large group of university men.

## The Kitchen Cabinet



NO WOMAN really loves a trifler; she must at least convince herself that he who trifles with others is serious with her.

Just keeping happy is a fine thing to do. Looking on the bright side rather than the blue.

Sad or sunny musing is largely to the choosing.

And just being happy is brave work and true.

—Ripley Saunders.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Remember to give the baby plenty of water to drink. Even a small baby suffers from thirst. A wholesome breakfast dish, or in fact good for any meal for a child is wheat fresh from the granary. Soak it over night and cook for a day or longer, until the kernels are soft. Serve with good milk. This is food unequalled for nutrition and is usually liked by children and grown-ups.

**Pine Apple Dessert.**—Bake an angel food in a sheet and cut in rounds the size of a slice of canned pineapple. Arrange a slice of cake in a stemmed glass, pour over it a little of the pineapple juice that has been sweetened and flavored with lemon juice, then place a piece of pineapple on the cake and dip on a little whipped cream decorated with a cherry.

Try the combination of prunes and kumquats, the tiny Japanese oranges. Cook together after slicing the kumquats.

**Cucumber Pickles.**—When the cucumber vines begin to bear plentifully put down a few for winter, using the following recipe:

Take a pint of salt, a pound of dry mustard and a gallon of vinegar; mix all together and add the cucumbers daily, fresh from the vines, after washing them carefully and keeping a weight over them. These pickles will be crisp and good for a year.

**Bavarian Cream.**—Put a quarter of a package of gelatine into a cup of raspberry juice and let it stand until softened. Then add a cup and a half of raspberry juice, the juice of half a lemon and cup of granulated sugar. Stir in a chilled bowl until the mixture begins to set, then fold in a cup and a half of whipped cream. Place in a mold and serve either plain or with whipped cream.



HERE are difficulties in everything except eating pancakes, and nobody ought to be expected to untie all the knots in a net. He is the greatest fool of all who pretends to explain everything, and says he will not believe what he cannot understand.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

#### HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Tea and coffee made hot over the fire before the water is added are more fragrant and stronger.

Wash eggs as they come from the market, and the shells may then be used to settle the coffee.

To keep lemons fresh, put them in a jar and cover them with cold water; in warm weather change the water twice a week.

Keep pieces of charcoal in the refrigerator.

A good fat for all kinds of shortening is butter and beef suet. Melt the butter and pour it off carefully, not to get any of the dregs; add to an equal quantity of beef suet. Use this for pastry cakes and in fact almost any dish where shortening is used.

To separate fats from soups and gravies, wet a cheese cloth in cold water, pour the soup of gravy through it, or wipe the soup carefully with the cloth wet in ice water.

In adding eggs to soups, sauces, etc., remember to add a few tablespoonfuls of the hot liquid to the egg before adding to the large quantity of hot soup or sauce, as that often cooks the egg and makes a curdled mixture.

Chicken or turkey fat are nice to use in the place of butter as shortening or salad dressings.

To clean stained tea and coffee pots, add a teaspoonful of soda to a pint of water and boil for a half an hour. The pots will be as fresh as when new.

If troubled with ants, sprinkle a little tartar emetic around the places where they are seen to enter. This is a poison and should be used carefully, not forgetting to protect your pets.

To clean painted walls, dissolve two ounces of borax in two quarts of water and add a tablespoonful of ammonia. Use half of this quantity to each wall of water. Wash and wipe with a clean, dry cloth, a small piece of wall at a time.

Nellie Maxwell.

#### Fashion Robbed Many of Work.

A Paris letter to the London Daily Mail says: The fashion of sending great quantities of wreaths to funerals is on the decline in Paris, and as a result five thousand to six thousand workmen and workwomen on whom eighteen thousand persons depend are unemployed.

The decline in the vogue of the wreath is traced to a well known Paris preacher, who urged bereaved relatives to spend their money on masses for the dead instead of on flowers.

## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. D. Wood

Many a girl has too many sins to her head.

Don't mind being laughed at; some day you may splash mud on the laughers with your touring car.

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes—New Size 25c. Murine Liquid 25c-50c.

#### Their Time.

Foolish Fred—Do you like lobsters? Pert Polly—Yes, both human and crustacean, in their salad days.

#### "When a Wife is Cruel."

The husband rushed into the room where his wife was sitting.

"My dear," said he, excitedly, "guess what! Intelligence has just reached me—"

The wife gave a jump at this point, rushed to her husband, and, kissing him fervently, interrupted with: "Well, thank heaven, Harry!"

#### Made Father Beat Himself.

When Dorothy Meldrum was a little younger—She is but ten now—her father asked her on her return from Sunday school what the lesson of the day had been.

"Dandruft in the lion's den," was her answer.

Ever since Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D. D., has personally applied himself to the religious instruction of his little daughter.—Exchange.

#### Her Qualifications.

Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out:

"Hullo, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Bogorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attentions of every fool in town."—The Housekeeper.

#### OF COURSE.



Weeks—I once knew a man who really enjoyed moving.

Seeks—I don't believe it.

Weeks—It's a fact. You see, he lived in a houseboat.

## One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill!

People appreciate, who have once tasted.

## Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.  
Baitle Creek, Mich.